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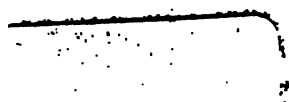
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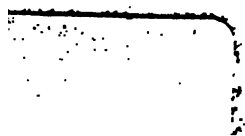
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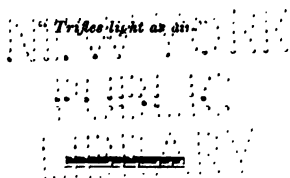


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ODDS AND ENDS;

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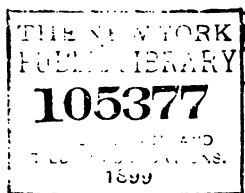
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TO
THE HONORABLE
HENRY DILKES BYNG,

CAPTAIN, ROYAL NAVY,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED, AS A SMALL, BUT
SINCERE TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM.

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THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Written off the Coast of Ireland, 1818.

LAND of my youth—that far away
Amid the wave's commotion,
Now glances to the sun's last ray,
A speck upon the ocean.
Land of my youth, where'er I roam,
What lot soe'er assign'd me,
Still, still I'll love the stranger's home,
And the Girl I left behind me.

Nor longer toil'd the crew—

But some sat pale with grief,
And some half listless grew,
Impatient of relief;
Some rav'd in wild despair;
Some stood by fear unmann'd;
Some gaz'd on vacant air,
And mutter'd, Land.

There sprang a gentle breeze
As daylight died away,
And through the glowing seas
The vessel cut her way.
With hopeless breast aloft
The seaboy took his stand,
And o'er the waters oft
Look'd out for Land.

But long it mock'd his gaze,
Till through the starless night
The beacon's warning blaze
Burst on his raptur'd sight.
Loud, loud the urchin cried,
As the blest ray he scann'd ;
And the faint crew replied,
Echoing, Land.

Oh, how that shout arose,
Soft, sweet, amid the gloom !
It spoke of balm to woes,
Deliverance from the tomb.
Grief, doubt, despair and fear
Forsook the joyous band,
As, with a grateful tear,
They welcom'd Land.

HERE'S TO THE EYE OF SPARKLING BI

**HERE's to the eye of sparkling blue,
Here's to the breast with feeling warm'd ;
The cheek as blooming, the heart as true,
As man e'er worshipped, or heaven ere form'
Here's to the auburn locks that twine
Their ringlets around thy brow of snow ;
And here's to the magic glance of thine,
That can heighten pleasure or banish wo.**

They may tell us of planets with moons more bright,

And suns more splendid than those we have here ;

But while stars like thee illumine our night,

Oh, who could wish for a brighter sphere ?

They may say that man is the child of grief,

But never shall we such charge allow,

When from fortune's scowl we can seek relief

In the smile of beings so pure as thou.

They may preach that by penance alone, and by fast,

Must the soul from the dross of this world be refin'd ;

But 'twere folly to suffer regret for the past,

To tarnish the moments still left behind.

Then be ever as now, nor let sorrow fling

Its cold cloud o'er thee while youth's thine own ;

Remember, life's roses, like those of spring,

Will wither the soonest when fullest blown.

TO CLIO.

If now my nights be void of rest,
They were not always spent in care ;
If now affliction rule my breast,
It did not always rankle there.

There was a time—long, long ago,
When my bright moments seem'd to fly ;
But now they move so dark and slow,
They almost pause in passing by.

There was a time when free I rang'd
Thro' life's serenest paths—but now

All, all who lov'd me once are chang'd.

And all have fled but only thou.

Well, they may change—nor shall the pain

I else might feel, affect my heart,

If *thou* amid the wreck remain,

Dear, pure and bright as now thou art :

Dear as the beam that shines to save—

Pure as the evening's parting light—

Bright as the sparkles on the wave,

When all around is cloth'd in night.

I LOVE HIM NOW NO MORE.

HE vow'd for me alone to live,

He swore to love me, and deceived ;

I knew 'twas folly to believe,

Yet, like a lover, I believed.

But I have felt his perfidy,

And I have prov'd how false he swore ;

No more his vows have charms for me,

I love him now no more, oh no,

I love him now no more.

Should chance at times across my way

The footsteps of th' inconstant guide,

I turn in haste, lest I betray

The feelings which I fain would hide :

For still unconsciously I sigh,

And still my cheek is crimson'd o'er ;

I watch him with admiring eye,

But love him now no more, oh no,

I love him now no more.

Here is the billet kept with care,

In which he call'd me first his love ;

And here the little braid of hair

Which once in playful mood I wove.

How soon those moments pass'd away !

Oh, could they wear, as once they wore,

Their smiles but for a single day—

But no—I love no more, oh no,

I love him now no more.

REMEMBEREST THOU OUR MORNING S

REMEMBEREST thou our morning sky,
Ere clouds had overcast,
When each new sun that flitted by
Seem'd brighter than the last :
When, tho' some clouds might gather the:
And tho' some drops might flow,
Still those were not the clouds of care,
Nor these the drops of wo ?

Oft do I muse with fond delight

On all that cheer'd me then,

And in the shadowy dreams of night,

Live o'er those days again :

And oft in memory's glass, as now,

Thy passing form I see ;

As sweet thy smile, as calm thy brow

As they were wont to be.

And as I gaze, and dread to part

With what is fancy all,

Oh, many a sigh would rend my heart,

And many a tear would fall—

But that so true thy charms appear,

'Twere pity, ere they die,

To stain the mirror with a tear,

Or dim it with a sigh.

Peace be to thee, who shin'st as far

Above the vulgar crowd,

As yonder solitary star,

O'er every passing cloud.

Peace be to thee—may virtue's rays

Long, long thy path adorn,

And may the evening of thy days

Be pure as was their morn.

HOME.

WHEN far from thee, my native isle,
Along the Diamond Cape I roam,
Though grand the scene—my heart the while
Loves best the heath-clad hills at home

And when upon that bright cape's side
I view the great Saint Lawrence foam,
My heart prefers the simple tide
That laves its pebbly bed at home.

QUEBEC.

LOVE AND THE SWALLOW.

WHEN summer foliage glitters,
And summer suns are bright,
The Swallow round us twitters,
And sports him in their light.
But when the blast has o'er them past,
And summer suns grow dim,
Away he flies to brighter skies—
'Tis summer still with him.

And Love is like the Swallow:—

When beauty's brow is gay,
Her glittering train he'll follow,
And sport him in the ray.
But when the frost of age has crost
The splendour of her eyes,
He spreads his wings, and off he springs
In search of brighter skies.

Those summer suns reburning,
Will gild the landscape o'er ;
The Swallow then returning,
Will twitter as before.

And will not Love, where'er he rove,
To gain his cage endeavour ?
No, no—when he once wanders free,
Good-bye to him for ever.

ADIEU.



ADIEU to thee, so fond and fair ;
 Adieu to thee for whom alone
 This breast could beat, but it must bear
 The trial firmly as thine own.
 Adieu to thee, so fond and fair,
 'Tis peace of mind which bids me shut th
 Adieu, adieu.

Adieu—perhaps for life we part—
 Adieu—perhaps for but a day ;

And still shall friendship rule the heart
 Which love for thee must never sway.
 Adieu—perhaps for life we part—
 Till thou the flame that wastes us canst subdue,
 Adieu, adieu.

Adieu—I speak it with regret—
 Adieu—my pen has trac'd the word ;
 My soul was wavering even yet,
 When from my lips its doom was heard.
 Adieu—I speak it with regret,
 But I must fly from these dear scenes and you :
 . Adieu, adieu.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

LESS constant than the wind or wave,
For these their proper limits have,
 The stream of time rolls on ;
The wind resumes its former track,
The wave flows in its channel back,
 But time's for ever gone.

Why ponder then on future ill,
Or dream of past enjoyment still ?
 Let's taste the present hours ;
And if this world, as sages say,
Be but to other worlds the way,
 Let's strew the way with flow'rs.

TO MARY.



ON Mary, life has been, dear,
A waste since last I met thee ;
And all that I have seen, dear,
But makes me more regret thee.
While round me flies the social bowl,
And all is mirth and glee, love,
I turn aside with sickening soul
To think on home and thee, love.

When morn's first beam is breaking
Upon the eastern billow,
From frenzied dreams awaking,
I leave my restless pillow.

But ah, from memory's pangs away
In vain I strive to flee, love ;
Where'er I rove—by night, by day—
My thoughts are all on thee, love.

Oh Mary, ere we parted,
Nor grief nor care had known me ;
But now, sad, broken hearted,
Even thou might'st well disown me.
Tho' thousand beauties meet my eye,
Yet what are they to me, love ?
Unprais'd, unmark'd, I pass them by—
My thoughts are still on thee, love.

I've been upon the ocean

When every wave was sleeping ;

When with slow, sluggish motion,

Our bark her way was keeping :

I've seen the tempest's dreaded form,

Dark brooding o'er the sea, love ;

And in the calm, or 'mid the storm,

My thoughts were all on thee, love.

How swift the hours seem'd winging

When sweet affection bound us !

Each day, each moment, bringing

The friends we lov'd around us.

Those friends are far—those days are gone—

And gone no more to be, love ;

But still while time rolls darkly on,

I think on them and thee, love.

ANACREONTIC.

I WISH to live, remote from strife,

A life of ease and pleasure ;

So strove to find what sort of life

Affords the greatest measure.

I ask'd th' opinion of my friends,

Love, Bacchus, and Apollo :

But each a different course commends,

And which do you think I follow ?

Love bids me pay my homage still
To beauty night and morning,
And Bacchus hiccups " drink thy fill,
A fig for woman's scorning ;"
Apollo hints that nought but song
The wings of time can cripple ;
So, just to please them, all day long
I love, and sing, and tipple.

**THE PILGRIM RETURNING FROM MECCA'S
SHRINE.**

**THE Pilgrim, returning from Mecca's shrine,
Still bears to his home away
Some relic to keep by its power divine
His footsteps from turning astray.
But not the richest display of art,
Nor the rarest relic could be
More dear to that Pilgrim wanderer's heart,
Than this lock of thy hair to me.**

The seaman whose ship for a moment veers
From the track of her destin'd shore,
But looks to the star, by which he steers,
And it leads to his course once more.
So, should I forget thee an instant, and e'er
Withdraw me from virtue then,
I'll but look on this simple tress of thy hair,
And turn to her paths again.

ANACREONTIC.



GIVE me wine and give me love,

What can rank those joys above ?

When the heart grows cold to bliss,

How shall we its fire renew ?

Warm it then with woman's kiss,

Bathe it with the goblet's dew.

GIVE me wine and give me love,

What can rank those joys above ?

Give me love and give me wine,

Both are dear and both divine ;

 This can rouse us—that can tame—

 Lover, drunkard, time about,

With the one I raise a flame,

 With the other put it out.

Give me love and give me wine,

Both are dear and both divine.

TALK NOT OF PARTING YET.

TALK not of parting yet,
While rapture holds its sway ;
Nor tinge those moments with regret,
That flit so swift away.
There's not a cloud to-night
Betwixt us and the moon,
And the stars are bright, thy path to lig
Then wherefore part so soon ?
Talk not of parting yet,
But let us, while we may,
The cold unfeeling world forget ;
'Tis ne'er too late to say,
Adieu.

Talk not of parting yet,
While every thought is bliss ;
Oh why should time his limits set
To hours so sweet as this !
There's not a zephyr near
To chill thy gentle brow ;
Nor can thine ear a murmur hear,
Save his who whispers now,
Talk not of parting yet,
But stay—one moment stay—
'Twere better never to have met
Than thus so soon to say,
Adieu.

MY COUNTRY.

SHE pledg'd her faith, she broke the plighted vow,
And there is nothing left but to forget her ;
'Twas but with her that life was sweet—and now
Not long will death permit me to regret her.
My Country, thou shalt be my only bride,
Thou wilt be true, though all are false beside.

New oaths shall bind me soon than those of love ;
And if a fickle girl could once deceive me,
Now, while my country's banner waves above,
Glory at least will never, never leave me.
My Country, thou art now my only bride,
'Thou wilt be true when all are false beside.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

I stood where commenceth the Christian's pride,
And the world's poor pageant closeth ;
Where prince and peasant lie side by side,
And foe with foe reposeth.

I stood at the grave—the grave where lay,
By its kindred earth-worms courted,
The dust of him, who but yesterday
In life's gayest sunbeam sported.

With fame as spotless, and spirit as light
As the plume on his helmet dancing ;

And wit as keen, and honour as bright,
As the steel from his scabbard glancing.

And fast fell the tears of vain regret
For the true and the gallant-hearted,
As I thought on the hour when first we met,
And the moment when last we parted.

The moon from cloud to silvery cloud
O'er the azure vault was stealing,
With soften'd charms from beneath her shroud
Her pure, pallid form revealing.

So the vestal beams, when—a stranger nigh—
She drops with reluctant duty
The veil which shadows her flashing eye,
But which cannot conceal its beauty.

And still as she pass'd, and her ray so bright

She threw where the warrior lay sleeping,

She seem'd to my fancy a spirit of light,

Her watch o'er the dear turf keeping.

Peace to thine ashes, young, generous, brave—

Fallen in the prime of thy glory ;

Thy country's sorrow shall hallow thy grave,

And thy name shall live in her story.

OH, DINNA TURN AWA'.

**OH dinna turn awa',
And leave me thus to pine ;
My cot, my gear, I'd barter a'
For ae sweet smile o' thine.
Though lairds hae sought thy han',
We should na therefore part ;
For lairds may offer mair o' lan',
But nae sae true a heart.
Then dinna turn awa'.**

Thine e'e will lose its power—

Thy cheek will lose its hue ;

Thy laird will seek a fairer flower.

And bid thee, love, adieu.

Though humble as my sang,

I boast a purer flame ;

For years hae pass'd—may pass alang—

Thou'lt find me aye the same.

Then dinna turn awa'.

SAY NOT LIFE IS A WASTE OF GLOOM!

SAY not life is a waste of gloom,
Where no stars break forth, and no flow'rets b
 If the stars that have lighted
 Thy path be gone,
 If the flowers be blighted
 That round thee shone,
Come then, dearest, come unto me,
I'll be the stars and the flowers to thee.

ay not love in thy soul is o'er,
r that friendship never can charm thee more.

If the voice that could waken
Love's thrill be at rest,
And if death have taken
The friend of thy breast,
ome then, dearest, come unto me,
ll be the lover, the friend to thee.

ISABEL.

THE sword was sheath'd—the war was o'er—
And soon beyond the western main
Again I trod my native shore,
I breath'd my native air again.
I reach'd my own beloved bower,
Where every flower possess'd a spell
To bind my heart—for every flower
Reminded me of Isabel.

The roses still as brightly bloom'd

As when mine eye beheld them last ;

As sweet the violet perfum'd

The wings of zephyr as he pass'd ;

The streamlet flow'd as softly now

As in those days remember'd well ;

The very breeze that fann'd my brow,

It seem'd to breathe of Isabel.

And where was she ?—I saw her not—

Alas, I ne'er can see her there !

Time, which had spar'd that fairy spot,

Had blighted all that made it fair.

For this, for this the world I spurn'd,

And bade its once lov'd scenes farewell :

On Heaven alone my thoughts are turn'd,

My heart is still with Isabel.

NAY, DREAM NOT THAT TIME CAN UNRIVET

**NAY, dream not that time can unrivet
The chains which affection hath twin'd ;
Or that love, like the vane on its pivot,
Will twirl with each changeable wind.
Though sunder'd and sad we move on, love,
Yet heart still is coupled to heart,
And the cords but the firmer are drawn, love,
The further we journey apart.**

The beacon is dear to the seaman, .

Which guides him across the dark sea ;

And liberty's dear to the freeman,

But thou art still dearer to me.

Thine accents of peace, wert thou nigh, love,

Like balm on my spirit would fall ; .

Not a cloud should then darken my sky, love,

Thy kind glance would scatter them all.

Some breasts are like sand in the river,

Where every form we may trace,

While as quickly its ripples for ever .

Those short-liv'd impressions efface.

But mine's like the stubborn rock, love,

Engraved with *one* image so fair ; .

And the surge and the tempest's rude shock, love,

But stamp it indelibly there.

The last ray the setting sun darted,
 How brightly it gilded the plain !
 Even now, though that sun is departed,
 The tints of his splendour remain.
 And thus o'er my memory shone, love,
 Thy last parting beams of regret ;
 The planet which shed them is gone, love,
 But their mild halo lingers there yet.

Then dream not that constancy falters,
 If distance be measur'd between ;
 Or that love, little innocent, alters
 His plume with the altering scene.
 Oh no—for where'er we move on, love,
 Still heart is united to heart,
 And the links but the firmer are drawn, love,
 The further we journey apart.

IS NOT WHEN THE BROW IS BRIGHT.



'Tis not when the brow is bright
That the heart is still most light ;
'Tis not when 'tis clouded o'er
That the heart still feels the more.

Tears may flow,

Though not of sadness ;

Smiles may glow,

Though not of gladness ;

There are sweetest joys which lie
Far too deep for other's eye ;
There are keenest pangs of wo
None but they who feel can know.

THE MOON IS TRAVELLING THROUGH THE SKY.

THE moon is travelling through the sky,
Without a cloud to dim her path ;
A thousand lamps are lit on high,
And each a mimic rival hath
In the clear wave reflected bright.
Oh, often, when, on such a night,
I've floated o'er its breast, and gaz'd
Upon the star that o'er me blaz'd,
And then in pensive mood have turn'd
To that which far beneath me burn'd—
I've thought the one was like the beaming
Of promis'd joys still brightest seeming ;
The other, twinkling through its tears,
Like memory of departed years.

TOUJOURS FIDELLE.

**Toujours fidelle, the warrior cried,
As he seiz'd his courser's rein,
And bending over his weeping bride,
He whisper'd the hope which his heart denied,
That they soon might meet again.
And fear not, he said, though the wide, wide sea
Betwixt us its billows swell ;
Believe me, dearest, thy knight will be
To France and to honour—to love and to thee.
Toujours fidelle.**

Then proudly her forehead that lady rears,
 And proudly she thus replied—
 Nay, think not my sorrow proceeds from fear—
 And the glance which she threw, though it shone
 through tears,
 Was the glance of a soldier's bride.
 Not mine is the wish to bid thee stay,
 Though I cannot pronounce, "farewell;"
 Since glory calls thee—away, away—
 And still be thy watch-word on battle day,
 Toujours fidelle.

One moment he gaz'd—the lingering knight—
 The next to the field he sped :
 Why need I tell of the deadly fight,
 But to mark his fate ?—for his country's right
 He battled—and he bled.

Yet he died as the brave alone can die—

The conqueror's shout his knell ;

His sleep was the slumber of victory—

And for her whom he lov'd his latest sigh,

Toujours fidelle.

WHY SHOULD'ST THOU THINK MY HEART
CHANGED.

WHY should'st thou think my heart is chang'd

Why should'st thou say I love thee not ;

Can love like mine be e'er estrang'd ;

Can truth like thine be e'er forgot ?

Have I not still through wo and weal,

Watch'd o'er thee with a brother's care ?

Had'st thou a grief I did not feel,

Have I a joy thou dost not share ?

The subject of my nightly dream,

The burthen of my waking thought ;

By night, by day, my constant theme—

How could'st thou think I lov'd thee not ?

For thee, when brightest flowers I meet,

■ The blushing garland still I twine ;

Whene'er my lips their song repeat,

The name they murmur still is thine ;

And when my pencil seeks to trace

■ Some angel form, beneath its touch

Still spring to life that fairy grace,

Those features I have lov'd so much.

I mourn thee absent—feel when near

A rapture none can rank above ;

If this be not to love thee, dear,

Oh, tell me what it is to love !

SHE IS GONE TO THE PLACE OF HER REST

SHE is gone to the place of her rest,
Where sorrow can reach her never;
She is flown to the realms of the blest,
She is lost to our view for ever.
Her dust hath return'd to the earth,
Ere the canker of age decay'd it ;
And, pure as it came at her birth,
Her spirit to Him who made it.

There riseth no marble fair

O'er her grave, its memorial keeping;

But for her who reposeth there

Still many an eye is weeping.

There needeth no idle stone

To tell of the worth that hath perish'd;

On our hearts 'tis engraven alone,

Where her memory long will be cherish'd.

SACRED MELODY.

Oh Lord, thou hast searched my ways,
And hast watch'd o'er my nights and my days
And thou know'st, ere my tongue can impart
The innermost thoughts of my heart.
Whither can I turn for a spot
Where thy presence, thy spirit, is not !

If to Heaven's high courts I repair,
Or to Hell's lowest depths—thou art there.
On the wings of the morn, if I flee
To the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there will thy guidance be found—
Thy providence compass me round.

Should I say, " I'll in darkness abide,
For surely the darkness can hide ;"
Around me thy sunshine shall play,
And the night shall be bright as the day ;
For oh, to thine *all*-piercing sight
Alike are the darkness and light.

But wherefore, my God, should I try
From the light of thy presence to fly ?
'Tis to thee my existence I owe,
And the joys from existence that flow ;
And 'tis thou that prolongest my days—
Oh, let them be spent in thy praise !

PENSEES.



EVILS surround thee from thy birth,
Vain man—thine hours how few they be!
To-day thou coverest the earth,
The earth to-morrow covers thee.



TIME blots out benefits, alas,
While injuries his power withstand ;
The latter we record on brass—
The former register in sand.

WHERE ARE THE KINGS OF FORMER TIMES.

WHERE are the kings of former times,
The conquerors of the earth,
Who stain'd the sceptre with their crimes,
Or grac'd it with their worth ?
Where are they now ?—the hand of death
Hath crush'd them in their pride ;
Their power departed with their breath—
They liv'd—and they have died.

SACRED MELODY.

NOT unto us, oh Lord, but thee,
From whom our various blessings flow,
Let praise and glory ever be,
Throughout the wond'ring worlds below.

Thou reign'st unrivall'd and alone—
No arm to stay, no power to bind ;
Earth for thy footstool—Heaven thy throne—
The clouds thy car—thy paths the wind.

Thine is the sun that flames on high,
The moon that sheds her milder light ;

And thine those brilliants of the sky
That sparkle on the brow of night.

Thine are the tenants of the stream,
The bird whose note all nature thrills ;
The insect sporting in the beam,
The cattle on a thousand hills.

Then not to us of mortal frame,
Not unto us be songs of praise ;
But thee, unchangeably the same,
The Ancient of Eternal days.

SACRED MELODY.



NOT unto us, oh Lord, but thee,
From whom our various blessings flow,
Let praise and glory ever be,
Throughout the wond'ring worlds below.

Thou reign'st unrivall'd and alone—
No arm to stay, no power to bind ;
Earth for thy footstool—Heaven thy throne—
The clouds thy car—thy paths the wind.

Thine is the sun that flames on high,
The moon that sheds her milder light ;

Then hoard, ere youth be spent,
Those inward charms refin'd,
Which, like the rose's scent,
Will still remain behind ;
Undying, undecay'd,
Will still remain behind ;
Such charms can never fade,
They flourish in the mind.

'TIS LONG SINCE WE HAVE MET.

'Tis long since we have met, my dear,
And longer seems to be ;
But ne'er can I forget, my dear,
Our love's wild infancy ;--
The joy, the grief, the hope, the fear,
That mark'd the varied hours, my dear,
Which I have spent with thee.
And never can I feel again
Rapture like that which thrill'd me then.

But though our dream be o'er, my love,
Our transient dream of bliss ;

And though we meet no more, my love,

In such a world as this—

Still faith points fervently above,

And bids us trust that there, my love,

Is perfect happiness,

Beyond the reach of human thought ;

A home where sorrow enters not.

Then from my eyelid thus, my sweet,

I dash away the tear ;

O'erjoy'd that yet for us, my sweet,

Such brightening hopes appear.

That yet in purer worlds shall meet

The happy souls of those, my sweet,

Who were the fondest here :

And freed from every earthly care,

Shall live and love for ever there.

THOUGH THE COLD HAND OF SICKNESS.

THOUGH the cold hand of sickness thy pale brow hath
 crost,

And thine eye for a moment its splendour hath lost,
Soon health to thy cheek shall its freshness restore,
And that eye with new lustre shall sparkle once more.

Yes, the spring-time of health may thy beauties renew,
But he who now sorrows to bid thee adieu,
Shall never again with fond triumph descry
The bloom of thy cheek, or the light of thine eye.

Oh, his path may be rude—and in far distant clime
He may wander unblest—but the finger of time,

ough from memory's page it aught else should
 erase,
 ere deeper and deeper thine image shall trace.

nd still all thy power shall that image retain,
 o share in his welfare or solace his pain ;
 nd still when arises his incense of pray'r,
 morn or at even, thy name shall be there.

nd when death from this dark world shall bid him
 depart,
 a let him but whisper in peace to his heart,
 hat the friend whom it lov'd—whom it cherish'd—
 is blest,
 nd calm and contented 'twill sink to its rest.

YOUNG LOVE ONE EVE WITH BOSOM LIGHT



YOUNG LOVE one eve with bosom light,
His skiff for pleasure's isle did steer;
The sky above was clear and bright,
And the wave beneath was as bright and clear
His polar star was woman's eye—
His zephyr was woman's balmy sigh—
And the mists that hover'd around erewhile.
Were scatter'd by woman's rosy smile.

: sail'd till on the waters blue
 Appear'd an isle of the purest green ;
 Then a squall o'er the face of the waters flew,
 And the blooming isle was no longer seen.
 When his polar star denied its ray—
 The balmy zephyr sped away—
 And the rosy smile that had lur'd him on
 With the star and the zephyr, alas, was gone.

And him whistled the gathering gale,
 The night bird scream'd as it pass'd him by ;
 And from his mast was the silken sail,
 And his veins were chill'd by the wintry sky.
 The wave flung aloft its foamy wreath,
 And the boat and the pilot were whelm'd beneath ;
 No eye to pity—no arm to save—
 The billow of Passion was young Love's grave.

FILL UP THE BOWL.

FILL up the bowl—since we ne'er can recover

**The pleasures or sorrows of moments gone past,
Let us smile at our sorrows as soon as they're over,
And taste of our pleasures as long as they last.**

Oh, who could refuse, while such nectar gushes

**From our rose circled vases, its sweetness to sip!
Those roses as bright as a maiden's blushes,
That nectar as rich as the dews of her lip.**

Fill up, fill up—since we ne'er can recover

**The pleasures or sorrows of moments gone past,
Let us smile at our sorrows as soon as they're over,
And taste of our pleasures as long as they last.**

Blest are we now, but we know not whether
This freshness of heart on the morrow may bloom ;
Life's shadows and lights are so blended together
That the brightest of hours have their portion of
gloom.

The world's cold, withering frown may banish
Each feeling which now sheds a balm o'er the mind ;
The hue of health from our cheek may vanish,
And leave but the furrow of care behind ;
Yet fill, fill up—since we ne'er can recover
The pleasures or sorrows of moments gone past,
Let us smile at our sorrows as soon as they're over,
And taste of our pleasures as long as they last.

Brightly the stars now sparkle above us,
Yet soon may a cloud obscure their ray ;
Sweet are the smiles of those who love us—
Soon may those smiles be far away.

But who, when no cloud is gathering o'er him

Dreams that the tempest yet may low'r ;

Who, with a bowl like ours before him,

Casts a thought on the parting hour ?

Fill up, fill up—since we ne'er can recover

The pleasures or sorrows of moments gone pa

Let us smile at our sorrows as soon as they're ov

And taste of our pleasures as long as they last.

ANACREONTIC.

Look round—whate'er you can descry
Has use as well as beauty ;
The sun that frolics through the sky,
The earth herself, and even I,
Have each our separate duty.

Dear wine, thou source of all our glee,
(Whatever some may think thee,) .
That earth was made thy nurse to be—
That sun was made to ripen thee—
And I was made—to drink thee.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well—fare thee well

Now and for ever ;

Those billows that swell

Soon our pathways shall sever.

Light be thy breast—

May peace long attend it ;

No cares to molest,

And no sorrows to rend it,

Oh, friends when they're near

May be dear to our bosom,

But are never so dear

As the moment we lose 'em.

And still we descry

In the far distant lover,

Some virtue which, nigh,

We could never discover.

Thus then—while afar

Unlov'd and unloving,

I rove with no star

To smile on my roving—

When treading alone

The bowers where I've met thee,

Thus think thou of one

Who can never forget thee.

DEAR MARY, CHECK THAT RISING SIGH.

DEAR Mary, check that rising sigh,
And chase those threat'ning clouds of care ;
So fair thy cheek, so bright thine eye,
'Twere pity clouds should gather there.
And blame me not if I have rov'd,
For still where'er my heart might pine,
It lov'd—nay hear me—only lov'd
The charms which most resembled thine.

When Lucy heard me softly speak

The tale which told my heart was won,
Though warm the roses on her cheek,
'Twas not her cheek I thought upon.

But then her smile—oh, who could say

That smile was not the most benign!—

I lov'd her, dear—nay hear me pray—

Because that smile resembled thine.

When Chloe saw me at her feet,

Although her breast and virgin brow
Might shame the hue of mountain sleet,
It was not these that made me bow.

But then her eye—and such an eye—

No wonder it attracted mine;

I lov'd her, dear—nay hear me why—

Because that eye resembled thine.

When Fanny led me next aside

Laughing at the mischief which she made,

Though auburn locks were Fanny's pride

I car'd not for each sunny braid.

But then her lips—to see them pout—

Who would not think those lips divine!—

I lov'd her, dear—nay hear me out—

Because those lips resembled thine.

And thus you see in every change,

While zephyr-like from bower to bower

Through beauty's garden I could range,

I ne'er forgot my favourite flower.

Then blame me not, though I have rov'd,

But with a kiss my pardon sign ;

For when I lov'd, I only lov'd

The charms which most resembled thine.

I'D WISH TO BE.



I'D wish to be the careless bird

Enamour'd of its cage, whose lay
At morn like fairy music heard,
Chaseth thy dream of love away.

I'd wish to be the matin beam

Which prints its first kiss on thy cheek,
As half awaken'd from that dream
The conscious blushes o'er it break.

I'd wish to be—I'd wish to be

Whate'er is near or dear to thee.

I'd wish to be the simple flower

That breathes its perfume through thy hair ;

I know 'twill wither in an hour,

But oh, how blest to wither there.

I'd wish to be the dew-drop clear

That wets thy brow from every leaf,

Or purer still, the sacred tear

That trickles for another's grief.

I'd wish to be—I'd wish to be

Whatever may belong to thee.

I'd wish to be the summer gale

That fans thy bosom with its sigh,

Stealing beneath the modest veil

Which screens thy charms from every eye.

I'd wish to be the limpid wave—

I'd wish to be the bower'd retreat ;

In *that* your snowy limbs you lave,
In *this* repose from noontide heat.
I'd wish to be—I'd wish to be
Whate'er can give delight to thee.

**IF YOU LOVE, DEAR, OH BREATH NOT A
WORD.**

If you love, dear, oh breath not a word
Lest your lips should the secret unfold ;
In a sigh it should only be heard,
By a glance it should only be told.
For there's more in an eloquent sigh
Than the softest of accents can tell ;
And there's that in the glance of an eye
Which no language can utter as well.
Then look from thy lattice my love,
In the moonbeam thy form let me see,
And send from that lattice above
The sigh and the glance down to me.

If you love, dear, oh trace not a line
Lest your pen should the passion betray ;
To a blush its avowal consign—
By a smile the sweet transport convey.
For there's more in a bright blushing cheek
Than the readiest pen can indite ;
And the smiles which love's message bespeak
Are brilliant as letters of light.
Then look from thy lattice my love,
In the moonbeam thy form let me see,
And send from that lattice above
The blush and the smile down to me.

WOMAN.

Heaven's last, best gift.

OH Woman, thou star of our lonely sphere,
How dear is the light of thy love !—
It leads us onward to glory here,
And guides us to peace above.
Though the world were bright as poets sing,
Yet its brightest spot would be
More dark than the angel of terror's wing,
If it were not illum'd by thee.

Who hath not listened in ecstasy

To the soul-melting harps of air ?

The ruder the winds that o'er them stray,

The sweeter the sounds they bear.

And it is thus with Woman still—

When penury's blast comes o'er

The chords of her heart, it but makes them thrill

With a truer tone than before.

Whate'er be their knowledge, we envy not

Those cold, philosophical elves

Who can pore o'er their volumes, and trace their lot

In planets as cold as themselves.

More precious the page, and more bright the skies

Which the fate of us, poets, impart ;

Our only black-letter's thy tell-tale eyes—

Our elysium—wherever thou art.

Let statesmen wrangle and warriors bleed

To win an immortal fame ;

They may shine for a moment—but 'tis their meed

To perish—aye, even in name.

Away with ambition—still be it mine,

Unvex'd by its cares and wiles,

To proffer my homage at Woman's shrine,

And bask in the heaven of her smiles.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN morning's first ray beam'd
And brighten'd all the plain,
Each flowret smil'd, each songster seem'd
To pour his sweetest strain.
I thought how, free from woes,
We once were quite as gay,
And quite as blithe our morning rose—
My ain auld Robin Gray.

At noon, this scene so bright

Was chang'd—for dark clouds lower'd,
The lightning wing'd it's rapid flight—

The wintry torrent shower'd.

Oh fleetly thus, cried I,

Our morning pass'd away ;
'Thus darken'd was our noontide sky—
My ain auld Robin Gray.

When evening came, less loud

The dying tempest blew ;
And spots of sky 'twixt every cloud
Were seen of azure hue.

Thus pleasure's sun which hath
So long denied its ray,
Now shines upon our evening path—
My ain auld Robin Gray.

By night the storm was gone,
The wave had sunk to rest ;
The trembling beam reflected shone
On ocean's tranquil breast.
Oh thus, cried I, in peace
May our night pass away,
And thus may all our sorrows cease—
My ain auld Robin Gray.

FANCY NOT, DEAR, I CAN E'ER FORGET.

FANCY not, dear, I can e'er forget

**Thy smile in the beauties that round me I see ;
My heart for a moment may wander—but yet
It returns still the fonder, the truer to thee.
The cheeks of our maidens are blooming with youth,
And the brightest of eyes in our firmament shine ;
But those cannot match the pure blushes of truth,
Nor these the intelligent lustre of thine.**

Then fancy not, dear, I can e'er forget

**Thy smile in the beauties that round me I see ;
My heart for a moment may wander—but yet
It returns still the fonder, the truer to thee.**

Oh what were the landscape display'd to our sight
 Though rich as the pencil of nature e'er drew,
 Were it not for the sunbeam that pierces its night,
 And calls forth each slumbering beauty to view.
 I would lightly be held—and as lightly we prize,
 Though aided by all which the heart might control,
 The fairest of cheeks, or the brightest of eyes,
 If they be not lit up by the beams of the soul.
 Then fancy not, dear, I can e'er forget
 Thy smile in the beauties that round me I see ;
 My heart for a moment may wander—but yet
 It returns still the fonder, the truer to thee.

OH, THIS IS LOVE.

**OH, this is love—warm, faithful love,
Which never knows decay,
But still where'er our footsteps rove,
Adorns and lights our way.
Which blooms alike in wo and weal
As fearlessly and well ;
Which only fondest hearts can feel,
And those who feel can tell.**

Unchanging as the flame that glows
In breasts of seraph birth ;
And spotless as descending snows
Ere stain'd by touch of earth—
And bright as yonder arch above,
As yonder beacon true ;
Oh, this is love—warm, faithful love—
The love I bear to you.

STANZAS.

Written after visiting Loch Doon.

FAREWELL, "bonnie Doon"—I have gaz'd on thy lake
When it lay as if hush'd in the stilness of death;
I have seen thy young stream o'er the precipice break,
As it bounded along through the glen of Berbeth.
I have watch'd thee with breast like a mirror so bright,
Alternate reflecting the shadow and ray;
Now shrouded in gloom and now sporting in light,
Till you melted at length into ocean away.

Like thy lake was my infancy—tranquil and mild—

As unruffled my breast, and as cloudless my sky ;

Like the strength of thy rivulet—passionate, wild—

Have the days of my boyhood swept heedlessly by.

May the close of my course be as placid as thine ;

May the beams of forgiveness thus over it play,

To illumine its track and to cheer its decline,

As it melts in eternity's ocean away.

ADELE.



OH, long have I lov'd my Adele,
And her heart paid me still in return ;
Till now she has bid me farewell,
Though fondly as ever I burn.
I wish to despise her neglect—
I wish to become as untrue ;
I wish—but whene'er I reflect,
I forget what I wish'd to do.

I wish from her presence to fly ;

I wish to remember no more

My love or the treachery

Of her whom I once could adore.

I wish—and if *she* were not near,

Some other, perhaps, I *might* woo ;

I wish—let Adele but appear,

I forget all I wish'd to do.

On my ear when her soft accents break

They add to my trouble and pain ;

In vain I endeavour to speak,

I sigh, and in silence remain.

I wish—when I'm far from her spell,

That like her I could cease to be true ;

I wish—but when near my Adele

I forget what I wish'd to do.

CUISH LA MA CHREE.

WHEN in youth's sunny prime
Thoughtless and free,
Nature in every clime
Burning to see—
Erin, I left thy shore
Roaming each region o'er,
'Twas but to love *thee* more,
Cuish la ma chree.

What though on foreign soil
Hapless I be,
Still doth it sweeten toil
Thinking of thee.
And when life's ebbing sand
Points out its close at hand,
Once more I'll seek thy strand,
Cuish la ma chree.

Thus yonder orb of day
Eastward we see,
Gild with his morning ray
Mountain and lea ;
But at the hour of rest
Still turns he tow'rd the west,
Seeking thy peaceful breast,
Cuish la ma chree.

TO ———.

———

If ever yet a gleam of mirth
From my sad bosom banish'd
The cares which bow it down to earth,
To you alone it owed its birth,
And oh, with you it vanish'd.

So, while the summer sunbeams play
Upon some darkling river,
It warmly flashes back the ray ;
But if the beam be turn'd away
The tide is dark as ever.

SWEET STREAMLET.



SWEET streamlet, flowing on thy way,
How much my lot resembles thine ;
Thou from thy course dost never stray,
And I am constant still to mine.

How silently thy waters glide—
As silently my moments move ;
How pure the crystal of thy tide—
As pure for Emma is my love.

The storms that vex the prouder wave
Thy humble current ruffle not ;
So I the storms of fortune brave—
They pass me by and are forgot.

When Emma wanders near to thee
Thy breast reflects the portrait fair ;
Look into mine, and thou wilt see
Her form as truly pictur'd there.

Thou hast no deep, deceitful place,
And I no deep, deceitful art ;
The bottom of thy bed we trace,
And read the bottom of my heart.

Thy waters still with gentle force
Flow onward to their goal—the main,

Till winter's power arrest their course
And bind them with its icy chain.

So flow my hopes unceasing on—
My Emma's love their only goal ;
So will they flow till life be done
And icy death arrest my soul.

WHEN FIRST WE MET.



WHEN first we met—when first we met—

In ringlets curl'd thy jetty hair,

And sorrow's tear had never wet

Thy cheek, to stain the roses there.

But roses there no longer blow,

And blanch'd are now those locks of jet,

For sorrow's tear hath learn'd to flow

Since first we met—since first we met.

When first we met—when first we met—

Thine eye was like the falcon's bright ;
And care had never dared to set

His seal upon thy brow of light.
Those eyes, so dim and wasted now,
Their former power almost forget ;
And care hath furrow'd o'er that brow
Since first we met—since first we met.

When first we met—when first we met—

Thy heart could feel another's grief ;
And feels it not as warmly yet—

As warmly glows to grant relief ?
It does, it does—that generous tear—
Then why thy fleeting charms regret,
Since thou art still as truly dear
As when we met—when first we met.

THINK NOT, DEAREST.

THINK not, dearest, that my love

Is but light and ranging ;

Every change it soars above,

In itself unchanging.

Sorrow may my heart depress,

Pleasure may elate it ;

This can ne'er my love increase—

That shall ne'er abate it, dear,

That shall ne'er abate it.

When our prospects bode no ill

Then may love seem weakest ;

But 'tis strongest, purest still

When our hopes are bleakest—

As those meteors which illumine

Heaven's horizon nightly,

From amid the deepest gloom

Sparkle forth most brightly, dear,

Sparkle forth most brightly.

And as age but makes the vine,

Whose young tendrils wander

Round the sapling's stem, entwine

Fonder there and fonder—

So my breast for thee retains

The *first* love that bound it ;

Time can only twine the chains

Still more firmly round it, dear, .

Still more firmly round it.

TO MY CARRIER-DOVE.

"On Saint Valentine's eve every true knight will dream of his Ladye-love, and every Ladye of her trustie Knight; moreover, they will whisper from their sleepe the names of the persons so dreamed of."—*Essay on Dreams*.

AWAY, away, my carrier-dove,
Thy lord's behest to bear;
To-night love rules below, above,
Around and every where.

The youth will dream with pure delight
Of the maid whom he loves so well ;
And th' unconscious maid will reveal to-night
What to-morrow she'd blush to tell.

Away, away, my carrier-dove,
Nor stay thy snow-white wing
Till you reach the couch where my own dear love
Lies sweetly slumbering.
And when from amid her tranquil rest
She breathes to Saint Valentine
The name of him whom she loves the best,
Oh, list if she whisper mine.

WHEN THE POOR PILGRIM, BENT WITH PAIN.

WHEN the poor pilgrim, bent with pain,
Foresees his parting moments nigh,
He seeks to reach that sacred fane
Which heard his earliest vows—to die.
He stops not in his path—though there
The brightest flowers their sweets display;
Though richest altars court his pray'r
He turns not from his constant way;
But worn with toil, and weak with fast,
And wasted by meridian fires,
He gains the sacred fane at last,
And bending at its shrine—expires.

Thus I, whose course of joy is o'er,
Have sought, ere life be spent, to bow
Before that spotless shrine once more
Where first I breath'd my morning vow.
Though altars that might well have vied
Even with mine own around me shone,
My heart hath never turn'd aside ;
But, restless still, I've wander'd on,
Till now in all its pomp divine
The wish'd-for fane at length I see,
And lowly bending at its shrine,
Breathe forth my soul—adoring thee.

I SAW TWO YOUNG I

I saw two young rose trees, th
Their briars and their bloss
I saw them, the moment the te
Part coldly for ever, nor see

And I thought of the hearts that h
And like them too, in wo hac
As closely as if they had sprung
Their joys, and their hopes,
same :

Yet, soon as adversity's trial wa
Had parted as widely, as cold

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WHEN THE BEE NEGLECTS TO SIP.

WHEN the Bee neglects to sip
Sweets from every flow'ret's lip ;
When the golden child of day
Turns her from the worshipp'd ray,
 Then farewell to thee, dear ;
But till bees no longer rove,
And till sun-flowers cease to love,
 Faithful will I be, dear.

When the breeze that o'er her blows
Wafts no perfume from the rose ;
When the minstrel of the shade
Pours not forth his serenade,
 Then farewell to thee, dear ;
But till rosy odours fail,
And till mute the nightingale,
 Faithful will I be, dear.

When the dove with anxious breast
Broods not o'er her downy nest ;
When the crystal stream no more
Mirrors the o'erhanging shore,
 Then farewell to thee, dear ;
But till then—through joy and wo,
Winter's chill and summer's glow,
 Faithful will I be, dear.

THE DAYS ARE GONE.

THE days are gone—for ever gone—
Ere fancy taught my heart to rove ;
When the pure flame that led me on
Was kindled at the shrine of love.
When nature wore her brightest smile,
And pleasure knew of no alloy ;
When every breast was free from guile,
And every cheek was flush'd with joy—

I mingled with the careless throng,

I sported in th' enlivening ray ;

To love I tun'd my matin song,

To love I breath'd my vesper lay.

Bright eyes and sunny looks were there,

And cheeks unsullied by a tear ;

My heart acknowledg'd all were fair,

Yet only one of all was dear.

And can I ne'er those hours renew,

Life's sweetest hours ? and is there none

To love as thou wert wont to do—

To cheer as thou wouldst now have done ?

No—life is but one dull, dark night

Of cloud and misery—for thou,

Brightest of all that made it bright,

Even thou hast set in darkness now.

And faithful memory, while she grieves
At the review of former years,
And casts her weary glance o'er leaves
Deform'd by blots, or stain'd with tears;
Turns fondly to that sacred spot,
That page from stain or error free,
Which tells of moments ne'er forgot
Of love, and happiness, and thee.

Of thee and love too wild to last—
Oh tell me not that beams which flow
From memory of pleasure past
Can shed a light o'er present wo.
Alas, those very beams instead
But make our present gloom the worse;
When joy is flown and hope has fled,
Then even memory proves a curse.

To feel that beauty once has blest

The heart she ne'er can bless again ;

That pleasure's cup has once been prest

To lips that now are parch'd with pain.

That every dear and cherish'd bliss

Has vanish'd like a morning dream ;

When memory teaches only this,

How sweet were Lethe's fabled stream !

WHEN THE POOR PILGRIM, BENT WITH PAIN

WHEN the poor pilgrim, bent with pain,
Foresees his parting moments nigh,
He seeks to reach that sacred fane
Which heard his earliest vows—to die.
He stops not in his path—though there
The brightest flowers their sweets display;
Though richest altars court his pray'r
He turns not from his constant way;
But worn with toil, and weak with fast,
And wasted by meridian fires,
He gains the sacred fane at last,
And bending at its shrine—expires.

Thus I, whose course of joy is o'er,
Have sought, ere life be spent, to bow
Before that spotless shrine once more
Where first I breath'd my morning vow.
Though altars that might well have vied
Even with mine own around me shone,
My heart hath never turn'd aside ;
But, restless still, I've wander'd on,
Till now in all its pomp divine
The wish'd-for fane at length I see,
And lowly bending at its shrine,
Breathe forth my soul—adoring thee.

OH, TRUER IS THE COURTIER'S TEAR.

OH, truer is the courtier's tear
Shed o'er a fallen tyrant's bier ;
Truer the praises poets sing,
Or sighs, or vows—or any thing
Above, below—divine or human—
Than woman—fickle, faithless woman.

Turn from her sparkling orbs of blue,
And gaze not on her cheek's soft hue ;
Within no lights of genius spring—
No mental rose is blossoming.

So day's warm beams may gild the tomb
 And sweetest flowers around may breathe,
 Yet can they not impart their bloom,
 Their spirit to the dust beneath.

Fly from her smile—though bright and warm
 'Tis false as sunbeam 'mid the storm.
 When the pure, transient gleam is gone
 More darkly rolls the tempest on ;
 And thus when woman's smile is o'er,
 Her frowns grow darker than before.

And though her bosom seem to be
 The dwelling-place of purity,
 Yet feeble there is reason's ray
 And passion holds unbounded sway.

So Etna rears her smiling crest
And seems all hush'd in sweet repose,
While pent within her raging breast
The quenchless flame for ever glows.

Then rather trust the courtier's tear
Shed o'er a fallen tyrant's bier,
Or praise that hireling poets sing,
Or sighs, or vows—or any thing,
Above, below—divine or human—
Than woman,—fickle, faithless woman.

AH WHEREFORE REPROVE.

AH wherefore reprove

My words of love,

and whisper thus, "fie for shame," my dear ;

If shame there be

In adoring thee,

you have none but yourself to blame, my dear.

Or why should your cheek

Such anger bespeak ;—

ask but the *loan* of a kiss, my dear,

And I know that thou art

Too tender of heart

to deny such a trifle as this, my dear.

The zephyr of spring
Still scents his wing
From the rose-bud he passes o'er, my dear ;
And steals as he flies
Her balmiest sighs,
Yet the flow'ret is sweet as before, my dear.
And so with ease
If beauty please,
From the lips where such treasures are left, my de
Can love purloin
The richest coin,
And no one discover the theft, my dear.

Then keep not thus
Such a terrible fuss,
Nor torture your sweet little mind, my dear,

With the idle fear

That if lips come too near

Some trace may be left behind, my dear.

But pray incline

Your cheek to mine—

There's nobody nigh to see, my dear ;

You'll never miss

The borrowed kiss,

And oh, 'twill be precious to *me*, my dear.

LADIES, GOOD BYE.

LADIES, good bye
 To your arts and wiles ;
 No longer care I
 For your frowns or smiles.
 Gone are the days
 When woman could sway me,
 When a smile could raise
 Or a frown dismay me.

In vain, as of old,

Love's torch brightly shineth.

Or his bands of gold

The little god twineth.

In vain pleasure layeth

Her toils around me,

Or beauty displayeth

The charms that once bound me.

Unheeded they kneel,

And unheeded they warble :

My breast is of steel—

And my ears are of marble.

So, ladies, good bye

To your arts and wiles ;

Little care I

For your frowns or smiles.

MADRIGAL.

I would have begg'd of Love to be
The bearer of my vows to thee,
But that I fear'd the treacherous elf,
When he had once beheld thine eyes
Would have forgot my tears and sighs.
And wooed thee only for himself.

MADRIGAL.

Oh no, I will never love more—

I swear as I've sworn before ;—

Since vanity, pride, caprice

 In the most of thy sex are met ;

Since one never could live in peace

 With a prude or a pert coquette ;

Oh no—I have argued it o'er—

No, no, I will never love more—

 Any but thee, Lisette.

TRIOLET.

TO THREE SISTERS.

SISTER Graces, among you three

To which shall I my heart surrender?

Little of choice is left to me

Sister Graces, among you three—

Each has her claims—my love must be

Of temper mild, and of soul most tender;

Sister Graces, among you three

To which shall I my heart surrender?

TRIOLET.



To guard her flock and guard her heart

Is too much for a shepherdess ;

'Tis no such very easy part

To guard her flock and guard her heart ;

When swains assail the one with art,

And wolves with force the other press,

To guard her flock and guard her heart

Is too much for a shepherdess.

EPITAPH

ON A LAWYER.

READER, there sleeps beneath this stone
A Lawyer, and an honest one ;—
If thou hast e'er been doom'd to know
The plagues with which a lawsuit's taint
Draw near and o'er him vent thy wo ;
But if perchance thou'rt unacquainted,
Pass on—pray heaven to keep thee so.

EPITAPH

ON DR. ———.

—

Our Doctor's gone, but ere he went
He kept us *in terrorem*,
And half the neighbourhood he sent
To clear the way before him.

EPITAPH

ON A SCOLD.

HERE rests in death, thank God, my wife,
 A thing she never did in life ;
 'Twere needless, reader, to repine—
 She takes *her* ease and gives me *mine*.

EPITAPH

ON A BON-VIVANT.



ON downy wings my years flew on—
 Years of pleasure
 And years of whim ;
 Till death vouchsaf'd to think of one
 Who never found leisure
 To think of him.

EPIGRAM.

IN VINO VERITAS.

TRUTH, says the proverb, 's in our cup—
And truth should be the search of youth ;
So while I quaff my nectar up
I'm only searching after truth.

EPIGRAM.

GREECE.

GREECE, though in these our latter ages
So vaunted for her learned schools,
Could only number *seven* sages—
How rich she must have been in fools!

EPIGRAM.

HEART AND BODY.

To a Lady who had stolen the former.

It is not right old friends to part,
And these we well may call so ;
Then, Lady, give me back my heart,
Or take my body also.

●

EPIGRAM.

ÆNEAS.

WHEN he, the prince of Ilion, as we read,
Snatch'd from the flames the author of his life,
Heaven strove to recompense the generous deed—
He sav'd his father, and he lost—his wife.

TO JULIA.

LITTLE Love in his wantonness playing,
To lodge in my breast was beguil'd ;
And Venus, alarm'd at his straying,
Now offers a kiss for her child.
Shall I give up the boy ?—will no other
With an offer more tempting entice ?
Oh thou whom he'd take for his mother,
Wilt *thou* buy him at Venus's price ?

●

TO THE BUTTERFLY.



BUTTERFLY on wanton wing
Round and round inconstant roving,
Tasting all the sweets of spring,
Ever changing, ever loving;
Little epicure in bliss,
Still thou bear'st from flower to flower
Brightest smile or sweetest kiss,
As the trophy of thy power.
Who would spurn so rich a trophy?
Who such pleasures could decry?—
Had I never met my Sophy
I'd have been a Butterfly.

FORGET ME NOT.

“FORGET me not, although we part—
 To think thou wert untrue
 Would break the fond, confiding heart,
 Which only beats for you.”

“ Oh let this dark, foreboding fear,
 This sorrow be dismiss'd ;
 For see—lest I forget thee, dear,
 I've plac'd thee on my list.”

TO MY LYRE.

FROM thee, my lyre—as one who bids adieu
To some dear friend he ne'er again shall meet ;
Some friend, whose counsel kind and converse
sweet
Had shed a charm o'er moments as they flew
Which else had loiter'd on with leaden feet—
From thee I part for ever. Thou to me
Did'st oft in wo thy soothing influence lend ;
Amid the wilds thou wast society—
Among the faithless thou wast still a friend.

But the world calls me from thee, and we part,
And to another's touch thy chords must swell ;
No more their tones shall vibrate through my heart,
No more my ear must listen to their spell ;—
Farewell, beloved lyre—for ever fare thee well.

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